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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Arizona & South Eastern Railroad

Pacific Time one hour earlier than City Time

Northward		Southward	
Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
1.3	6:00	1.3	1:30
4.0	6:08	4.0	1:22
8.8	6:25	8.8	1:10
12.4	6:32	12.4	1:05
19.4	6:52	19.4	1:00
25.3	7:07	25.3	1:00
30.0	7:22	30.0	1:00
36.3	7:40	36.3	1:00
37.6	7:54	37.6	1:00
39.6	8:10	39.6	1:00
45.8	8:30	45.8	1:00
50.8	8:50	50.8	1:00

* Flag Stations—stop on Signal.
V. R. STILES, R. C. MORGAN,
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Southern Pacific Railroad.

WESTBOUND.		Pass.
Benson, leave	4:57 p. m.	
Tucson, arrive	7:30 "	
Maricopa, "	9:40 "	
Phoenix, "	6:30 a. m.	
Passengers for Phoenix, from the east or west, remain at Maricopa over night. Sleeping car and hotel accommodation.		
Yuma, arrive	3:00 a. m.	
Los Angeles, arrive	12:00 noon.	

EASTBOUND.		Pass.
Benson, leave	9:06 a. m.	
Willcox, arrive	10:42 "	
Bowie, "	11:55 "	
Lordsburg, "	1:45 p. m.	
Deming, "	2:30 "	
El Paso, "	6:00 "	

New Mexico and Arizona Railroad.

WESTBOUND.		Pass.
Benson, leave	5:30 p. m.	
Fairbank, arrive	6:15 "	
Nogales, "	9:00 "	
EASTBOUND.		
Nogales, leave	5:10 a. m.	
Fairbank, arrive	7:57 "	
Benson, "	8:40 "	

Sonora Railroad.

SOUTHBOUND.		Pass.
Nogales, leave	10:06 p. m.	
Hermosillo, arrive	5:15 a. m.	
Guaymas, "	9:10 "	
NORTHBOUND.		
Guaymas, leave	6:00 p. m.	
Hermosillo, arrive	9:30 "	
Nogales, "	5:00 a. m.	

Santa Fe Prescott and Phoenix Railroad.

NORTHBOUND.		Pass.
Phoenix, leave	10:00 p. m.	
Hot Springs Junction, arrive	11:47 "	
Prescott, "	12:55 a. m.	
Jerome Junction, "	4:25 "	
Chandler, "	5:30 "	

SOLDIERING IN THE PHILIPPINES

[The following letter was handed to us by Mr. C. D. Dawson of the Metropole, to whom, with the father and sisters of the writer, it was addressed. The letter is written by a young soldier of Company M, Fourth United States Infantry, now serving in the Philippine Islands. As the letter is of considerable length, it will be concluded in tomorrow's paper.]

WELL, here we are now, somewhat scattered, but still we cling together, bound by love and duty to write and keep as close to one another as possible by corresponding and telling each other of our whereabouts, situation and surroundings.

Please permit me to ask you, one and all to overlook any and all parts of this letter which are likely to be disconnected, not being much of a writer, and less of a traveling writer. Now, if Frank Carpenter, of whom we read so much about in the Detroit Free Press and other prominent papers, had this task to perform it would appear in better form.

To lead off, I will first tell about the natives and something about their way of living. A native house, called casa by the Filipinos, and shack by the Americans, is made of bamboo poles for uprights, joists, etc. The bamboos in this country are not the small size, such as we use for fish poles. They range from six inches in diameter down to the size of a lead pencil. They split the larger ones into strips, which they lay outside up for flooring. They bind these down with rattan, leaving a space between each strip. The sheathing, or weather boards, are made of nipa, which I believe is a long leaf bent over a bamboo strip about two feet long, and so fastened together that it forms a piece about two feet square. These are put on in the same manner as our shingles are, starting from the bottom and making a large lap. They turn the weather very well when not too old. Some shacks have roofs of other material, but all are either nipa, a grass, or some kind of weed. The shacks have places cut out for doors, which are made of bamboo and slide on bamboo poles. Windows raise up and out and are supported on poles. In all cannot find a nail or an ounce of metal of any kind entering into the construction of these peculiar dwellings.

They are tied with rattan or held together by wedges and wooden pins about eight or nine inches long. In all, a native shack is a great thing for a soldier in a hostile section to set a match to, for they burn like a haystack saturated with oil. As Lawton once said: "Who burned these shacks, Captain?" "Don't know, sir," was the captain's reply. To which Lawton rejoined: "If the Fourth Infantry were ordered to hell they would burn it up."

The Filipinos are very clean in their dress as a rule, though sometimes we see them quite to the contrary. On the whole, however, their clothing is very neat. A birth in a family is all sorrow and sadness for some time. Then when the christening comes it's a feast and happiness.

They mourn but little over a death. Have never seen one of them cry or seem bereaved over the demise of one of the family, and I have seen as many as six funerals in one day at Imus. They carry the corpse on a bamboo frame without a coffin until the burying ground is reached.

Rice is grown here, but not in sufficient quantities to supply the demand, and I am told that quite an amount of it is imported from China.

Bananas also are grown here, but they are only fair specimens of what we get in the states. The mango is somewhat similar to the American pawpaw. It differs from the pawpaw, however, in having what I call a bone, something like a cuttlefish bone, instead of several seeds. Cocoanuts, as well as bananas, hang over our heads. Their horses are what we would call ponies, being very small. Few of them are well kept and healthy, and a native will drive a pony at breakneck speed through sand or mud. The hogs are a peculiar looking lot, such a pointed nose and downward curve in the back. Rother a scrawny looking thing, instead of the big, fat, independent, well fed American hog, who, when you go near him, looks up with a grunt, as much as to say, "What do you want?"

As to the ants, they are a terror. Do what one will, or how he will, the ant still remains. And here in the kitchen department we have our hands full to keep them out of the eatables. Nail four legs on to a box, put the legs in cans of water, and in five hours 100,000 ants will be found in the sugar or bread. Trace the line, and you will find them walking over the bridge of dust on the water. There are three kinds of ants to speak of. The little black ants, which go after decayed matter, etc. The little red ants, which

go after and get into everything excepting decayed articles, and are a terror to bite a person. They even get into dirty clothing by the million, more or less. Then there is the large black ant, seldom found in the food, and living largely on decayed wood and articles of a similar nature. They are found principally near swamps. And what cowards they are. One little red ant will make a dozen large black ones run for a week, and then more yet.

Now, here I am disconnected in my letter. The Filipinos, as I have said, are clean about their dress. But in many other ways they are much to the contrary. They will have dogs, pigs and chickens under the shack; a pony or caribou (chief beast of burden here) in a shed annexed to the shack, and all kinds of filth under their very noses.

As for the roads, they are enough to make a good christian cut loose. Nothing but mud during the rainy season. Talk about going to the hub. That's not it. When we see a peace commissioner (3.2.10 inch light artillery gun) going so nearly out of sight that the mouth of the gun cannot be seen, then we're in mud for sure. As you may imagine, we are neat and clean ourselves about that time! On, yes, sure! We're strictly in it, with our standing collars, nice white gloves, shoes polished, brass buttons shining and dazzling the sweet button seekers, who give us an applause for fine appearance that makes the officers proud of their commands and brings each man's shoulder back another inch. Stop, stop! I forgot. Oh, yes! It is in post that such things are possible, not in an ocean of mud on a dark, rainy night.

Talk about railroad men for profanity—sorry but they are "short skates." They couldn't get the booty prize, were the ace prize a pair of dirty socks. Honestly, I believe I have seen some toads jump out of mudholes from fright. Then during the dry season the roads are loose dust and the sand a foot deep, no ditches on the road side; no attempt at draining; no attempt to improve mud-holes. Approaches to bridges are always in bad shape but are being remedied as rapidly and effectively as possible with the poor materials at hand. The dogs of this country as a rule are a half starved lot, for they get but little to eat. The natives having but little garbage on which to which to feed them, for they eat nearly every part of all meats and fish, or fix them up in so many different ways that every thing goes for food. The dogs always bark when an American goes along at night and when a scout-party goes out they all seem to cut loose at once, while forty natives might pass by without a sound from them. In fact they are a "dead giveaway" on us. But then a well directed rock sometimes puts one out of commission. They also do more fighting at night among themselves over a bone one of them may have chanced to find than all the American pugilists put together; and such howling, enough to disturb a dead person. At Paranagua, at which place I stopped with Co. D, 14th Infantry, for a few days, the men formed a dog brigade every night. The company were holding regimental headquarters and the colonel and other officers encouraged the idea to a certain extent. Talk about flank movements, and the firing (of stones) which Dewey's boats have made by cutting the church walls open, there was no other amusement at hand, so poor dog had to suffer. I mean be silenced.

The people of this country are very religious, for all of them seem to turn out and go to church on Sundays, or days when there are services. During Easter time they seem to go most wild over religious affairs. Had the twelve apostles out to get their annual feast at the Lord's Supper, also had a parade for two nights. Carried an image of Jesus on a bamboo frame decorated with candles. In all it was a sight worth seeing, but all "hoosy poets" to me.

Every town of any size has a church and, excepting at times, these churches seem to have been fine marks for our gunboats for they all show signs of shrapnel and such like. Every church has port holes cut in the walls, or walls built around for protection, and they all make fine places for scrapping. The wrong people had them so we had to take them. You see it is this way: Our Uncle told us of the heavy expense he was put to by sending so many of his children here, and that as he was in favor of expansion, he would need some real estate on which to locate official buildings, school houses and the like. I think he has his hands most full now, or enough for the time being for he has not allowed this regiment to annex any more for some time past. However, we'll take care of what we have and during our solitude we may find out its value.

(CONCLUDED TOMORROW.)

THE CITY OF NACO

Prosperous, Progressive and Hospitable.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

On Both Sides of the Border the City's Growth Is Remarkable.

The editor of this paper paid a visit to the prosperous and growing town of Naco last Saturday and enjoyed the hospitality of the citizens for a couple of days.

Naco is a town that has been peculiarly fortunate in having her best interests in the hands of men who are capable and alert, and whose endeavors have always been on the side of a steady and substantial advancement. These men have placed their confidence in the future of their adopted town, they have invested in her lands and buildings and have cast in their lot with the fortunes of this border city.

At this time there is a decidedly improved appearance in the prospects of the town. The Greene Consolidated Copper company have chosen to make it their home. That large and influential corporation is completing the erection of a splendid suite of offices, built on the most modern and improved plan. A substantial improvement to any city.

On the other side of the line the same company has commenced to build a fine warehouse of extensive dimensions and pleasing architecture. Our own Bisbee Copper Queen company, with characteristic energy, is putting the finishing touches on a store building of substantial brick, with every modern improvement of style that will meet the requirements of that busy company. The extensive mercantile establishment next to Goldman's old store is nearing completion and is a striking and handsome addition to the mercantile emporiums on the main street.

Naco attracts many people who are looking for locations where the prospects point to an increasing trade, and among the recent arrivals is Miss Kate Sweney, who has had considerable experience in this region, and who has chosen Naco for the construction of a fine store to be used as a notion store.

The city is the great point for the trains of freight outfits that are daily making their way toward the great Sonora mining region, and it is an amusing and instructive sight to see the scores of large wagons standing with their loads at the custom houses.

As far as local institutions are concerned Naco is peculiarly well supplied. The public school with fifty scholars, is a scene of educational industry under the superintendence of Miss Howe.

There is really an excellent system of water works in Naco, and Mr. R. L. Benton, the able manager, is to be congratulated on the very complete way in which the comfort and convenience of the people is conserved in this important particular, the water system being perfect.

By the way, we feel a little sensation of jealousy at the arrival in Naco last Saturday, with the intention of residing there, of a socially well known and favorite young couple, and we hear that one or two other families are to live there. While we kick a little at this accession to Naco, at our expense, we acknowledge that they could not possibly be entrusted to kinder and more hospitable hands than our Naco friends.

Now comes one of the most pleasing features of our visit to Naco, and that is the courtesy and kindness that we met with across the border among our Mexican friends and allies.

There we had the pleasure of introductions to the revenue officials with their gentlemanly and able chief, Senior Manuel Carrillo, while we met also the active and capable chief of police, Senior J. M. Gonzalez.

This latter introduction reminds us that the Naco police system, on both sides the border, is simply perfect, and order and safety is assured in this border city.

We were the recipient of the hospitality of R. V. Daniels, collector of customs at Naco, to whom we are indebted for many valuable introductions on both sides the line, a favor accorded us during the few minutes cessation in his busy hours.

Hotel and restaurant accommodation in Naco is particularly excellent. Mr. Abrams, of the Naco hotel, is one of

the most accommodating of genial hosts, while among the well served restaurants the Naco restaurant, under the control of Mrs. Gibbons, is a place where the culinary art is perfect, and the guests are received with an attention that is most pleasing.

We chatted with Mr. Reed, of the Cochise Lumber company, whose business is increasing daily with the improvements that mark the progress of Naco, while the progressive and enterprising firms of Curry & Reay and Goldman & Co. are true representatives of the commercial interests of a growing town.

There are many interests in the trade world of Naco that are worthy of particular mention, and which we may omit, not intentionally, but for lack of space, and it behooves us to say, in conclusion, that for open-handed hospitality and the true marks of the enterprising and progressive town, a progress in which the well directed efforts of men like B. J. O'Reilly, the prominent Naco citizen and pioneer, have been so successfully used, Naco cannot be surpassed on either side of that border which divides the United States from our courteous and friendly neighbors, the equally enterprising citizens of Mexico.

BISBEE DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

Successful Formation of a Young Men's Democratic Club.

Saturday evening a number of the democrats of Bisbee met in Graham's hall and organized a Young Men's Democratic Club.

H. E. Conlon was chosen temporary chairman and William Witherell temporary secretary.

Messrs. Callaghan, Pritchett, Sweet, Wilcox and Grady were appointed a committee on constitution, by-laws and organization. Their report was adopted and the club proceeded to elect the following officers: J. C. Callaghan, president; William Pritchett, vice president; M. J. Cunningham, treasurer; T. P. Nichols, secretary; J. W. Hunt, doorkeeper.

The president was directed to select a standing committee of five members, and report the same at the next regular meeting.

Messrs. Lieutenant George B. Wilcox, William Pritchett and Harry Rafferty were appointed a committee with power to enroll charter members until September 28th.

The secretary was directed to apply for affiliation with the National Association of Democratic Clubs, to communicate with Senator Jones, of Arkansas, Chairman of the National Democratic Central Committee, in regard to campaign literature, and to subscribe for the leading newspapers of the territory and nation. The laws of the club permit any male resident of Bisbee precinct to membership who is over 18 years of age and who subscribes to the National and Territorial Democratic platforms, but as it is a young mens club, members over forty have no vote and are not eligible to hold office in the club. The organization starts out with a membership of about a hundred and promises to be extremely useful and instructive along the lines indicated by its political faith.

A Letter from Galveston.

Mr. C. W. Cannon, of Bisbee, has received a letter from his father in Galveston, in which are many items illustrating the state of things in that city. Among many incidents are the following: One house stood the storm well, although there were eight inches of water down the stairs. Nearly all the windows were broken and all the plaster down. The slates were off the roof.

The worst part of all is that the drift wood was piled fifteen feet high in the yard, and in that drift wood was found, up to the 15th, thirty to forty dead bodies, and they expected to find from fifty to one hundred more.

The house is the only one standing between it and the gulf. Mr. Nichols' relatives are safe and well.

Indications are that cattle shipments will begin at once, and that the shipments will be quite heavy from this section of the country. There is a reported scarcity of stock cattle in California, and California buyers are looking toward Arizona as the best place to purchase. On account of the good condition of the range the heaviest shipments will perhaps be from Cochise county, Naco or Don Luis station, on the A. & S. E. R. R. Curry & Co., of Naco, expect to put up several train loads of beef and stock cattle for California markets.

The REVIEW has the finest and most complete job plant in the southern part of the territory. We give rates that suit our customers, and the people should deal with the local establishment just as they expect the citizens to support them, notwithstanding the freight prices and other outgoings they pay on their goods.

THE EASTERN COAL STRIKE

No Coal Is Being Moved Today.

THE MINERS ARE JUBILANT.

Strikers Confident of Winning-- Militia on the Scene-- No Violence.

HAZELTON, Pa., Sept. 24.—The tieup occasioned by the strike of the coal miners is now so effective that no coal whatsoever is being shipped out of the anthracite region. The miners are jubilant over their success, and are now more than ever confident of their ultimate triumph.

A climax is expected in the situation today. The entry of the troops into Macad's this morning created much bitter feeling. McGeehan told the colonel commanding the troops that their presence was unnecessary and would only serve to terrorize the community. However, the advent of the troops seems only to have strengthened the determination of the strikers.

At Pittston all is comparatively quiet. The only sign of violence so far has been the attack of a mine boss upon a 17-year-old mule driver. The lad was attacked in the street by the mine boss and brutally lashed with a horse whip.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 24.—Trouble is brewing tonight in the Lykens valley region between the union and non-union anthracite miners over the refusal of the men at Williamstown to join the strike. The strikers in the neighboring towns of Lykens and Waconisco threaten to compel the Williamstown men to quit work. A meeting of the Williamstown men was held tonight, at which it was decided to stand firm against any attempt on the part of the strikers to force them to join the strike.

Sheriff Reiff today swore in 150 deputies who will act in conjunction with a double force of watchmen on duty at Williamstown colliery. The Williamstown colliery was in operation today with a full complement of 1100 men and boys.

Rev. Father Logue, rector of the Catholic church at Williamstown, is working among the mine employees there to induce them to stay at work. Some of the strikers at Lykens and Waconisco threaten to drive out the men at Williamstown before Sunday, and serious trouble may be expected at any time. There has been bad blood between the Lykens and Waconisco miners and the men at Williamstown ever since the refusal of the former in 1896 to join the latter in their strike against a reduction of wages.

Mr. James A. Howell, a brother of Mrs. John Slaughter, of San Bernardino, while sleeping in camp near the new railroad construction a few miles below town, was bitten in the neck by a skunk. He consulted Dr. Sweet who thoroughly reopened and cauterized the wounds. It is the doctor's opinion that no serious consequences will result, but as there is great danger of hydrophobia after bites from these animals in this section of the country, the case will be watched with much interest. It is possible that Mr. Howell will have to be sent to one of the Pasteur institutes for special treatment.

Mr. Liggett, the well known stage owner between here and Naco, left Naco Sunday with several passengers, among whom were the REVIEW representative and Mr. Benton, the supervisor; the latter was on hand to inspect the road. The stage went round to strike the milk ranch road and attempted to cross a draw. A homestead man had wired the old road up thus compelling a vehicle to attempt a dangerous crossing. The bank was steep and a horse rolled over, breaking the single tree, the consequence was that the candidate, his friend and the newspaper man were left sitting in the wagon in the middle of the pond while Mr. Liggett went for a fresh buggy and for horses to haul the stranded wagon out. The buggy and party were in the lake for two hours. Where does the public road run, is it blocked out by the homestead selection fence? If it is, then the matter should be looked to. The sufferings of the unfortunate occupiers of the wagon were indescribable, there was not even a bottle among them, and a candidate, too!